MELODIES OF VERSE

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

BOSTON
, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
: 11 East Seventeenth Street
iberside Press, Cambridge
1884

Plates melted - sent to R.R.L
11/6/29

REFERENCE LIBRARY OF
OUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
2 PARK STREET, BOSTON

T TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF
THE LIBRARIAN

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.

Archive
Collection

This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

MELODIES OF VERSE

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1884

Copyright, 1854, 1862, 1864, 1875, 1878, 1879,
By Bayard Taylor, Ticknor & Fields, and
Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Copyright, 1882 and 1884,
By Marie Taylor.

All rights reserved.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge,
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

CONTENTS.

MELODIES OF VERSE.

IMPROVISATIONS 5
ASSYRIAN NIGHT-SONG 14
CAMADEVA 17
BEDOUIN SONG 19
THE POET IN THE EAST 21
PEACH-BLOSSOM 24
THE IMP OF SPRING-TIME . . . 28
YOUTH 30
SONG 31
PROPOSAL 32
AUTUMNAL DREAMS 33
THE RETURN OF SPRING 36
SONG 38

LYRICS FROM PRINCE DEUKALION.

NYMPHS 41
EUTERPE, THALIA, AND TERPSICHORE 44

EROS 45
SPIRIT OF THE WIND 48
SPIRIT OF THE SNOW 49
SPIRIT OF THE STREAM 50
SHEPHERD 52
SHEPHERDESS 53
SPIRITS OF DAWN 54

MELODIES OF VERSE.

IMPROVISATIONS.

A GRASS-BLADE is my warlike lance,
A rose-leaf is my shield;
Beams of the sun are, every one,
My chargers for the field.

The morning gives me golden steeds,
The moon gives silver-white;
The stars drop down, my helm to crown,
When I go forth to fight.

Against me ride in iron mail
The squadrons of the foe:
The bucklers flash, the maces crash,
The haughty trumpets blow.

One touch, and all, with armor cleft,
Before me turn and yield.

Straight on I ride : the world is wide ;
A rose-leaf is my shield !

Then dances o'er the waterfall
The rainbow, in its glee ;
The daisy sings, the lily rings
Her bells of victory.

So am I armed where'er I go,
And mounted night or day :
Who shall oppose the conquering rose,
And who the sunbeam slay ?

The star o' the morn is whitest,
The bosom of dawn is brightest ;
The dew is sown,
And the blossom blown
Wherein thou, my Dear, delightest.

Hark, I have risen before thee,
That the spell of the day be o'er thee ;
That the flush of my love
May fall from above,
And, mixed with the morn, adore thee.

Dark dreams must now forsake thee,
And the bliss of thy being take thee!
Let the beauty of morn
In thine eyes be born,
And the thought of me awake thee!

Come forth to hear thy praises,
Which the wakening world upraises;
Let thy hair be spun
With the gold o' the sun,
And thy feet be kissed by the daisies!

Though thy constant love I share,
Yet its gift is rarer;
In my youth I thought thee fair;
Thou art older and fairer!

Full of more than young delight
Now day and night are;
For the presence, then so bright,
Is closer, brighter.

In the haste of youth we miss
Its best of blisses:

Sweeter than the stolen kiss
Are the granted kisses.

Dearer than the words that hide
The love abiding,
Are the words that fondly chide,
When love needs chiding.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong,
That never wrongeth.

She whom youth alone makes dear
May awhile seem nearer:
Thou art mine so many a year,
The older, the dearer!

What if we lose the seasons
That seem of our happiest choice,
That Life is fuller of reasons
To sorrow than rejoice,
That Time is richer in treasons,
And Hope has a faltering voice?

The dreams wherewith we were dowered
  Were gifts of an ignorant brain;
The truth has at last overpowered
  The visions we clung to in vain:
But who would resist, as a coward,
  The knowledge that cometh from
    pain?

For the love, as a flower of the meadow,
  The love that stands firm as a tree—
For the stars that have vanished in
    shadow,
  The daylight, enduring and free—
For a dream of the dim Eldorado,
  A world to inhabit have we!

Heart, in my bosom beating
  Fierce as a power at bay!
Ever thy rote repeating
  Louder, and then retreating,
  Who shall thy being sway?

Over my will and under,
  Equally king and slave,

Sometimes I hear thee thunder,
Sometimes falter and blunder
Close to the waiting grave !

Oft, in the beautiful season,
Restless thou art, and wild ;
Oft, with never a reason,
Turnest and doest me treason,
Treating the man as a child !

Cold, when passion is burning,
Quick, when I sigh for rest,
Kindler of perished yearning,
Curb and government spurning,
Thou art lord of the breast !

Near in the forest
I know a glade ;
Under the tree-tops
A secret shade !

Vines are the curtains,
Blossoms the floor ;
Voices of waters
Sing evermore.

There, when the sunset's
  Lances of gold
Pierce, or the moonlight
  Is silvery cold,

Would that an angel
  Led thee to me —
So, out of loneliness
  Love should be !

Never the breezes
  Should lisp what we say,
Never the waters
  Our secret betray !

Silence and shadow,
  After, might reign ;
But the old life be ours
  Never again !

Through the lonely halls of the night
  My fancies fly to thee :
Through the lonely halls of the night,
  Alone, I cry to thee.

For the stars bring presages
Of love, and of love's delight:
Let them bear my messages
Through the lonely halls of the night!

In the golden porch of the morn
Thou com'st anew to me:
In the golden porch of the morn,
Say, art thou true to me?
If dreams have shaken thee
With the call thou canst not scorn,
Let Love awaken thee
In the golden porch of the morn!

Come to me, Lalage!
Girl of the flying feet,
Girl of the tossing hair
And the red mouth, small and sweet,
Less of the earth than air,
So witchingly fond and fair,
Lalage!

Touch me, Lalage!
Girl of the soft white hand,

Girl of the low white brow
And the roseate bosom band ;
Bloom from an orchard bough
Less downy-soft than thou,
Lalage !

Kiss me, Lalage !
Girl of the fragrant breath,
Girl of the sun of May ;
As a bird that flutters in death,
My fluttering pulses say :
If thou be Death, yet stay,
Lalage !

ASSYRIAN NIGHT-SONG.

I.

THERE is naught, on either hand,
But the moon upon the sand.
Pale and glimmering, far and dim,
To the Desert's utmost rim,
Flows the inundating light
Over all the lands of Night.
Bel, the burning lord, has fled;
In her blue, uncurtained bed,
Ishtar, bending from above,
Seeks her Babylonian love.
Silver-browed, forever fair,
Goddess of the dusky hair
And the jewel-sprinkled breast,
Give me love, or give me rest!

II.

I have wandered lone and far
As the ship of Izdubar,
When the gathered waters rose
High on Nizir's mountain snows,

Drifting where the torrent sped
Over life and glory dead.
Hear me now! I stretch my hands
From the moon-sea of the sands
Unto thee, or any star
That was guide to Izdubar!
Where the bulls with kingly heads
Guard the way to palace-beds,
Once I saw a woman go,
Swift as air and soft as snow,
Making swan and cypress one,
Steel and honey, night and sun, —
Once of death I knew the sting:
Beauty queen — and I not king!

III.

Where the Hanging Gardens soar
Over the Euphrates' shore,
And from palm and clinging vine
Lift aloft the Median pine,
Torches flame and wine is poured,
And the child of Bel is lord!
I am here alone with thee,
Ishtar, daughter of the Sea,
Who of woven dew and air
Spread'st an ocean, phantom-fair,

With a slow pulse beating through
Wave of air and foam of dew.
As I stand, I seem to drift
With its noiseless fall and lift,
While a veil of lightest lawn,
Or a floating form withdrawn,
Or a glimpse of beckoning hands
Gleams and fades above the sands.

IV.

Day, that mixed my soul with men,
Has it died forever, then?
Is there any world but this?
If the god deny his bliss,
And the goddess cannot give,
What are gods, that men should live?
Lo! the sand beneath my feet
Hoards the bounty of its heat,
And thy silver cheeks I see
Bright with him who burns for thee.
Give the airy semblance form,
Bid the dream be near and warm;
Or, if dreams but flash and die
As a mock to heart and eye,
Then descend thyself, and be,
Ishtar, sacred bride to me!

CAMADEVA.

THE sun, the moon, the mystic planets seven,
Shone with a purer and serener flame,
And there was joy on Earth and joy in Heaven
When Camadeva came.

The blossoms burst, like jewels of the air,
Putting the colors of the morn to shame;
Breathing their odorous secrets everywhere
When Camadeva came.

The birds, upon the tufted tamarind spray,
Sat side by side and cooed in amorous blame;
The lion sheathed his claws and left his prey
When Camadeva came.

The sea slept, pillowed on the happy
shore;
The mountain-peaks were bathed in
rosy flame;
The clouds went down the sky, — to
mount no more
When Camadeva came.

The hearts of all men brightened like
the morn;
The poet's harp then first deserved its
fame,
For rapture sweeter than he sang was
born
When Camadeva came.

All breathing life a newer spirit quaffed,
A second life, a bliss beyond a name,
And Death, half-conquered, dropped his
idle shaft
When Camadeva came.

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

THE POET IN THE EAST.

THE Poet came to the Land of the East,
When spring was in the air:
The Earth was dressed for a wedding feast,
So young she seemed, and fair;
And the Poet knew the Land of the East, —
His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms
Of early and precious dreams, —
Familiar visions that mocked his quest
Beside the Western streams,
Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds, unrolled
In the sunset's dying beams.

He looked above in the cloudless calm,
And the Sun sat on his throne;
The breath of gardens, deep in balm,
Was all about him blown,

And a brother to him was the princely
Palm,
For he cannot live alone.

His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,
And the flowers their welcome shed;
The meads of milk-white asphodel
They knew the Poet's tread,
And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread.

And, half in shade and half in sun,
The Rose sat in her bower,
With a passionate thrill in her crimson
heart —
She had waited for the hour!
And, like a bride's, the Poet kissed
The lips of the glorious flower.

Then the Nightingale, who sat above
In the boughs of the citron-tree,
Sang: We are no rivals, brother mine,
Except in minstrelsy;
For the rose you kissed with the kiss of
love,
She is faithful still to me.

And further sang the Nightingale :
Your bower not distant lies.
I heard the sound of a Persian lute
From the jasmined window rise,
And, twin-bright stars, through the lattice-bars,
I saw the Sultana's eyes.

The Poet said : I will here abide,
In the Sun's unclouded door ;
Here are the wells of all delight
On the lost Arcadian shore :
Here is the light on sea and land,
And the dream deceives no more.

PEACH-BLOSSOM.

I.

Nightly the hoar-frost freezes
  The young grass of the field,
Nor yet have blander breezes
  The buds of the oak unsealed;
Nor yet pours out the pine
His airy resinous wine,
But over the southern slope,
In the heat and hurry of hope,
The wands of the peach-tree first
Into rosy beauty burst!
A breath, and the sweet buds ope!
A day, and the orchards bare,
Like maids in haste to be fair,
Lightly themselves adorn
With a scarf the Spring at the door
Has sportively flung before,
Or a stranded cloud of the morn!

II.

What spirit of Persia cometh
  And saith to the buds, "Unclose!"

Ere ever the first bee hummeth,
  Or woodland wild flower blows?
What prescient soul in the sod
Garlands each barren rod
With fringes of bloom that speak
Of the baby's tender breast,
And the boy's pure lip unpressed,
And the pink of the maiden's cheek?
The swift, keen Orient so
Prophesies as of old,
While the apple's blood is cold,
Remembering the snow.

III.

Afar, through the mellow hazes
  Where the dreams of June are stayed,
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,
  Carry the flush, and fade!
Southward they fall, and reach
To the bay and the ocean beach,
Where the soft, half-Syrian air
Blows from the Chesapeake's
Inlets and coves and creeks
On the fields of Delaware!
And the rosy lakes of flowers,
That here alone are ours,

Spread into seas that pour
Billow and spray of pink
Even to the blue wave's brink,
All down the Eastern Shore!

IV.

Pain, Doubt, and Death are over!
  Who thinks, to-day, of toil?
The fields are certain of clover,
  The gardens of wine and oil.
What though the sap of the North
Drowsily peereth forth
In the orchards, and still delays?
The peach and the poet know
Under the chill the glow,
And the token of golden days!

V.

What fool, to-day, would rather
  In wintry memories dwell?
What miser reach to gather
  The fruit these boughs foretell?
No, no! — the heart has room
For present joy alone,
Light shed and sweetness blown,
For odor and color and bloom!

As the earth in the shining sky,
Our lives in their own bliss lie ;
Whatever is taught or told,
However men moan and sigh,
Love never shall grow cold,
And Life shall never die !

THE IMP OF SPRING-TIME.

OVER the eaves where the sunbeams fall
Twitters the swallow;
I hear from the mountains the cataract call:
Follow, oh, follow!

Buds on the bushes and blooms on the mead
Swiftly are swelling;
Hark! the Spring whispereth: "Make ye with speed
Ready my dwelling."

Out of the tremulous blue of the air
Calling before her,
Who was it bade me "Awake and prepare,
Thou mine adorer!"

"Leave me," I said; "I have known thee of old,
Love the annoyer,

Arming, at last, with thine arrows of gold,
Time, the Destroyer."

"Follow," he laughed, "where the bliss of the earth
Wooes thee, compelling;
Yet in the Spring, and her thousand-fold birth,
I, too, am dwelling."

Out of the buds he was peeping, and sang
Soft with the swallow;
Yea, and he called where the cataract sprang:
Follow, oh, follow!

Vain to defy, or evade, or, in sooth,
Bid him to leave me!
But his deception is dearer than truth:
Let him deceive me!

YOUTH.

CHILD with the butterfly,
Boy with the ball,
Youth with the maiden —
Still I am all.

Wisdom of manhood
Keeps the old joy;
Conquered illusions
Leave me a boy.

Falsehood and baseness
Teach me but this:
Earth still is beautiful,
Being is bliss.

Locks to my temples
Hoary may cling;
'T is but as daisies
On meadows of spring.

SONG.

I PLUCKED for thee the wilding rose
  And wore it on my breast,
And there, till daylight's dusky close,
  Its silken cheek was pressed;
Its desert breath was sweeter far
  Than palace-rose could be,
Sweeter than all Earth's blossoms are,
  But that thou gav'st to me.

I kissed its leaves, in fond despite
  Of lips that failed my own,
And Love recalled that sacred night
  His blushing flower was blown.
I vowed, no rose should rival mine,
  Though withered now, and pale,
Till those are plucked, whose white buds twine
  Above thy bridal veil.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea;
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars, they kiss the sea;
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss — thee!

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily 's bride o' the bee;
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the earth —
Shall I wed thee?

AUTUMNAL DREAMS.

I.

When the maple turns to crimson
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian 's in the meadow,
And the aster on the wold;
When the noon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty-cold:

II.

When the chestnut-burs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail, —
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail:

III.

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that still is dear:

She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

IV.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary winds are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can hear her on the hill, —
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

V.

For the shores of Earth and Heaven
Meet, and mingle in the blue:
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

VI.

So I think, when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometime steal upon me
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom
And the amaranth in her hair.

VII.

Once to meet her, ah ! to meet her,
  And to hold her gently fast
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me, —
  That were happiness, at last:
That were bliss beyond our meetings
  In the autumns of the Past !

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

HAVE I passed through Death's unconscious birth,
In a dream the midnight bare?
I look on another and fairer Earth:
I breathe a wondrous air!

A spirit of beauty walks the hills,
A spirit of love the plain;
The shadows are bright, and the sunshine fills
The air with a diamond rain!

Before my vision the glories swim,
To the dance of a tune unheard:
Is an angel singing where woods are dim,
Or is it an amorous bird?

Is it a spike of azure flowers,
Deep in the meadows seen,
Or is it the peacock's neck, that towers
Out of the spangled green?

Is a white dove glancing across the blue,
Or an opal taking wing?
For my soul is dazzled through and through,
With the splendor of the Spring.

Is it she that shines, as never before,
The tremulous hills above, —
Or the heart within me, awake once more
To the dawning light of love?

SONG.

FROM the bosom of ocean I seek thee,
Thou lamp of my spirit afar,
As the seaman, adrift in the darkness,
Looks up for the beam of his star ;
And when on the moon-lighted water
The spirits of solitude sleep,
My soul, in the light of thy beauty,
Lies hushed as the waves of the deep.

As the shafts of the sunrise are broken
Far over the glittering sea,
Thou hast dawned on the waves of my dreaming,
And each thought has a sparkle of thee.
And though with the white sail distended,
I speed from the vanishing shore,
Thou wilt give to the silence of ocean
The spell of thy beauty the more.

LYRICS

FROM

PRINCE DEUKALION.

NYMPHS.

LIFT from the rivers
Your silver sandals,
From mists of the mountains
Your floating veils ! —
From musky vineyard,
And copse of laurel,
The ears that listened
For lovers' tales !
Let olives ripen
And die, untended ;
Leave oak and poplar,
And homeless pine !
Take shell and trumpet
From swell of surges,
And feet that glisten
From restful brine !
As the bee when twilight
Has closed the bell, —
As love from the bosom
When doubts compel,
We go : farewell !

* * * * *

(*At a distance.*)

As the night-air pants ;
As the wind-harp chants ;
As the moonlight falls
Over foliage walls ;
As gleams forerun
The smile of the sun
When clouds are parting,
Our beings are.
We are held afar
By a knowledge burning
In the heart of yearning ;
For the necromancy
Of the fonder fancy
Breathes back into air
The Presences fair
It would fain restore ;
We are Souls and Voices,
But Forms no more !

* * * * *

In the upward pulse of the fountain ;
On the sunny flanks of the mountain ;
Where the bubble and slide of the rill
Is heard when the thickets are still ;

Where the light, with a flickering motion,
From the last faint fringes of ocean
Is sprinkled on sand and shell;
In the ferns of the bowery dell,
And the gloom of the pine-wood dark,
And the dew-cloud that hides the lark,
The sense of Beauty shall feel us,
The touch of delight reveal us!

EUTERPE, THALIA, AND TERPSICHORE.

In the woods and highlands
We linger near;
By the shores and islands,
When skies are clear.
Delight of existence,
In the feet that fly,
Calls from the distance
Our glad reply;
But the joys are sweeter
That to all belong,
When the foot gives the metre,
The heart the song!
No more you banish
Than a cloud the sun:
We only vanish
To be re-won!

EROS.

(TO GÆA.)

NOT yet am I barred in Hades,
Though a word unknown hath hurled
The Olympian lords and ladies
To wail in the nether world!
Let Proteus shift in ocean
From shape to shape that eludes:
I am one, as the heart's devotion,
Yet many, as lovers' moods!

* * * * *

Was I born that I should die?
Stars that fringe the outer sky
Know me: yonder sun were dim,
Save my torch enkindled him.
Then, when first the primal pair
Found me in the twilight air,
I was older than thy day,
Yet to them as young as they.
All decrees of Fate I spurn;
Banishment is my return;

Hate and Force purvey for me,
Death is shining victory!

* * * * *

With the blind desires and motions
The innocent child that guide;
With girlhood's shy avoidance
And boyhood's bashful pride;
With the arts that are simplest nature,
And the nature that hides in art,
When the voice and the cheeks bear witness,
And the eye confesses the heart;
With the fond mistrust, and the frenzy,
That falters, or sweeps above,
When the key to delight in beauty
Is held by the hands of love;
With the lore of the world's renewal
In seed or in guarded bud;
With the plunge of the sportive dolphin,
And the heat of the panther's blood,—
The spells of my sway are woven,
The flame of my being fed,
And I breathe in a bright existence,
Though the eldest Gods are dead!
For Love, in the ashes of Empire
And the dust of Faith, is born;

And the rose of a kiss shall blossom,
When blight has withered the corn!

* * * * *

Nor the soul of the wandering odor, nor
the light of the mist, is thine,
Who art rolled through day and dark-
ness, at the will of a star divine;
Who claim'st the arrows of beauty,
alone from its quiver sped, —
Thou readest but half the riddle in the
dust that else were dead!
Thy life is blown upon thee, as a seed
from another land,
And the soil, and the dew and water,
are the bounty of thy hand;
But the secrets of whence and whither
are mine for my children's need:
I go with the flying blossom, as I came
with the flying seed!

SPIRIT OF THE WIND.

FROM the parched Numidian waste,
  From the hills of hot Fezzàn,
I sprang with a boundless haste
  That only the stars outran;
Over mountain and Midland Sea
  That strove to tire or tame,—
Over Etna and Stromboli
  That pierced me with smoke and flame;
Till I laid, in the first desire
  That bended my pinions low,
The cheek of the sylph of fire
  On the breast of the gnome of snow!
For the powers of ruin, that meet
  In the vaults of space, must die
When the spirit that stays my feet
  Is lord of the tender sky!
I come, to wither and slay;
  I pause, to quicken and spare;
And the fate of the world I weigh
  In the trembling balance of air!

SPIRIT OF THE SNOW.

HOMELESS atoms, born in the sky,
Cling to the ledges bleak and high,
Fill the crevice and hide the scar,
And give the sunrise a rosy star ! —
Gather and grow, till a shield is won
To blunt the spear of the angry sun ;
Till from the heart of my chill repose
Power awakens and purpose grows, —
Out of my torpor the glacier goes !
Silent, certain, it crouches and crawls
Down the gorges in frozen falls,
And crystal turrets of azure walls,
Tearing the granite from crest and dome,
Hurling the torrent forth in foam !
Shepherding here my downy flock,
There I shatter the ribs of rock ;
Stayed by a hand and slain by a breath,
There I am terror, and doom, and death !

SPIRIT OF THE STREAM.

Over the mosses and grasses
The white cloud passes,
Silent and soft as a dream:
And the Earth, in her shy embraces,
Conceals the traces
Of the secret birth of the Stream;
Till my threads are braided and woven,
And speed through the cloven
Channels, and gather, and sink,
And wind, and sparkle, and dally,
With song in the valley,
And shout from the terrible brink!
Then the whirl of the wind divides me,
And the rainbow hides me,
As I midway scatter in air;
And I bathe with endless showers
The feet of the flowers,
And the locks of the forest's hair:
Till proudly, with waters wedded,
My strength is bedded

By meadow, and slope, and lea;
And the lands at last deliver
Their tribute river
To the universal Sea!

SHEPHERD.

(*Singing above.*)

WHERE the arch of the rock is bended,
  Warm, and hid from the dew,
Slumber the sheep I tended,
  All the sweet night through.
Never a wolf affrights them
  Here, in the pasture's peace,
But the tender grass delights them,
  And the shadows cool their fleece.
I blow, as a downy feather,
  The sleep on my eyelids laid,
And rise in the twilight weather,
  Between the glow and the shade.
Too blest the hour has made me
  For a speech the tongue may know,
But my happy flute shall aid me,
  And speak to my love below.

SHEPHERDESS.

(*Singing in the valley.*)

UNCOVER the embers !
With pine-cone and myrtle
My breath shall enkindle
The sacred Fire !
Arise through the stillness
My shepherd's blue signal,
And bear to his mountain
The valley's desire !
The olive-tree bendeth ;
The grapes gather purple ;
The garden in sunshine
Is ripe to the core :
Then smile as thou sleepest,
His fruit and my blossom ;
There 's peace in the chamber,
And song at the door !

SPIRITS OF DAWN.

HARK! has the Sun-god's Hour
Smitten her cymbals, dreaming him nigh?
We are called by a sound, and sped by a power,
To break the sleep of the sky!
Æolian echoes blow
From the fourfold realms of the air,
And a torch, not ours, with a mightier glow
Burns where the East is bare.
We hasten, we scatter the cloud,
We quench the beam of the great white star;
But the pæan is over-loud,
And the splendor comes from afar!
It flushes our halls of rest,
As the sun were a rose in hue,

And it paints the Earth as she bares her
breast
To the emptied urns of the dew!

[*Sound of Æolian harps; the face of* Eos *appears.*]

EOS.

Is this mine Earth?
The many-headlanded, the temple-
crowned,
Which the great purple sea so whispered
round,
When earlier Gods had birth?
Mine Earth, I loved so well,
Rejoiced in, as it welcomed me,
And fed with unexhausted hydromel,
While the young race was free!
I know its curving strands,
Its dimpling hollows, bosom-budding
hills;
I scent large fragrance of the life that
fills
The joined or parted lands.
Old hopes, and sweetest, burn again;

Old words are stammering on my
tongue:
Was it your lips that kissed, Immortal
Twain,
Or is Tithonus young?

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09773 811 4